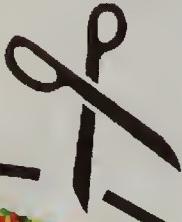


Innis



Herald

ISSUE 88



ON CATS—AND O'TABBIKAT



What can be said, that has not already been said, about that fury criterion of natural glory known monosyllabically as the “cat”?

The Egyptians worshipped cats as gods, via the *sphinx*. So too the Japanese, via the *maneki-neko*. Montaigne ceded mankind’s natural dominance to the subtle manipulations of the *chat domestique*. Huxley championed not one but a pair of *siamese* as the necessary tool for any young, aspiring writer. Borges understood the *gato* as belonging to those “closed realms of the dream”.

And who has not, in their heart of hearts, wanted desperately for Jones’ own *felis Silvestris catus* to at long last devour that pompous pee-wee-peacock of a canary, Tweety-Bird? Ah—the reality we obscure for the sake of comedy!

Cats are perfect—both mentally and physically. Believe me not? I pronounce this imperative then—*observe a cat as it sleeps, curling into its tiny meditative self: you will notice a galaxy unfold: you will notice universes upon universes in revolution.*

Now, I will speak no further—for mere words do a cat little justice (which explains our employment of QR codes to “soundtrack” this issue).

And yet, dear readers, humour me for a few lines more, if you will. This season is, after all, the anniversary of a certain “second-coming”. You know what I mean—for it was but /O^>O [+/-] years ago that the good Yeats O’ Tabbikat, former editor of the Innis Herald, and the hippest of “hepcats”, was put to the gallows by the Human Interest Tribunal of the University of Toronto; and, by his last and dying *human* breath, Evolved miraculously into.....an orange tabby cat!

We all remember the day...’twas St. Patrick’s day, year zero (that is, on the *Yeatsian calendar*; it was 2012 on the Mayan)*. Innis College was in a mad torrent of tears. So disheartened at the loss of our great O’ Tabbikat were we all, that many of our minors drowned their miseries in unlicensed booze, supplied generously by the college student union. Ah, th’ auld union—yes, even ye gave up yer heavy mort’l toil, in leaving the door wide-open to your unsupervised office from noon to midnight.

And before I forget—SHAME on the Nepalese Film Festival and their audience, for indulging in ‘entertainment’ during the midst of our mourning! With unshakable dignity did our bright-minded masses of the student body rise to a truly academic rally of racial slurs and sexual harassment so as to preserve the solemnity of the good editor’s passing. G’d bless ‘em, students of Innis College. May I neér hear a more poetic address to a woman than “fuckin’ girl walking passed drinking beer slut, slut we’re getting so drunk tonight, yeah, yeah,” faeriemingling above sweet strings of a gently weeping guitar....oh, *the voice of one crying in the wilderness...!*

But I’m letting myself get carried away, aren’t I?

And so, without further ado, let us pay tribute to Yeats O’ Tabbikat. The man who was
in fact
a tabby cat.

Merry belated E. Day (/O^>O [+/-])

*Actually, Mr. O’Tabbikat’s formal beheading took place in January—in case anyone has forgotten, as this poor sot has.



E



Y



A



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T



"TOO SOON AN AFTERIMAGE": THE CAT RETURNS

A Review by Nick Gergesha (2012)

"You must learn to be yourself."

Part of the Studio Ghibli retrospective at the TIFF Bell Lightbox, Hiroyuki Morita's *The Cat Returns* (*Neko no ongaeshi*, 2002) is almost a decade old. Its presence since its theatrical release has been a quiet one, quite unlike the dazzling spectacle captured within. Running at a slim 75 minutes, this mash-up of fairy tale mythology and feline eccentricity packs enough quirks and charm to contend with other Ghibli beloveds like *My Neighbor Totoro* (1988) or *Spirited Away* (2001). Though it lacks much of the surrealistic brushstrokes that feature prominently in the works of Hayao Miyazaki (the cats in this picture don't morph into buses, to take an example from *Totoro*), its Kingdom of Cats was enough to absorb and even move this jaded film junkie.

In typical Ghibli fashion, Morita and his crew work to sweep their audience off their feet. When young Haru, a sheepish and unconfident schoolgirl, risks life and limb to rescue a cat from the path of a speeding truck, his bow and simultaneous words of thanks thrust both the character and the viewer into an unexpected world. Cats around town "come to life" as the King of the Kingdom of Cats - an open field occupied by a massive castle and a winding labyrinth - rewards Haru's good deed with the prospect of an arranged marriage. Describing much more would spoil the fun, but it is safe to say that a well-rounded cast of cats - comprised of a salty but lovable fat cat, a miniature baron who is brought to life by the good souls of creativity, and the goofy King of Cats himself - make this an enjoyable adventure.

While its premise is wonderful, *The Cat Returns* is much too brief. We have seen these stories before: There is a touch of *Alice in Wonderland* over here, a dash of *The Wizard of Oz* there, and even some Shakespearian tropes thrown in for good measure. It is fantastical and, at points, even sublime, but its simplicity harms the picture as much as it aids it. Events are not allowed enough time to come to fruition, and plot points are just as quickly passed over as they are set up. Promising sequences like a battle between two central characters are over in a matter of seconds. By the end of the picture one feels as though they have too quickly been ejected from a world they have barely explored.

This might be the reason that this title in the ever-expanding Studio Ghibli canon is so seldom mentioned today. Though there is such a fantastic idea at the centre of *The Cat Returns* - that to understand your world you must first learn to be yourself - it is ultimately cut short by elision. All of its tenderness, all of its humour, and all of its *wonderful, wonderful* cats are too soon an afterimage when they should more lengthily occupy the screen. This is not, however, a dissuasion aimed at the film. It only had two screenings at the Lightbox, but this doesn't mean you can't go out and rent it for yourself. Morita's little film is as emotional as it is sublime, and for that reason alone it is worth the price of admission. Though you'll-wish you had more time to spend with Haru, Muta and the Baron, you will appreciate the time you do have.

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED: A Story by AA.OYOY.UOY. (3240)

"Expect The Unexpected!" That's what a movie poster once told me from the deep chasm of its marketing wisdom. A good copywriter is what Shelly would have deemed the unacknowledged legislator of our age. And so, "Expect the Unexpected!" Solid advice.

"Hey, let me eat at the table today, won't you?"

Looking back at my cat with all the perplexity of a drunkard catching the moon's negative in a pool of water, I said what I believed to be the most sensible thing to come to mind.

"No."

"Why not?" my cat asked, tilting his head slightly in synchronicity to my own.

"You're not civilized enough, I suppose."

"You suppose?"

"Yes." That's what I said. Just yes, as if I couldn't dignify this small creature with an appropriate explanation on why he wasn't civilized enough to eat at the table. Yes. Wow, what bigotry.

Ears flat, eyes narrowed, my cat shot me a look of disgust. Then, he leapt from the ground to a nearby chair, and from the chair to the kitchen table. Realizing this betrayal of pure gaucherie, he quickly stepped back onto the chair and sat on his behind, nonchalantly eyeing his surroundings. I watched him as a cat would a human—that is, with utter disbelief. Then, he extended his front paws and placed them before himself. He had to stretch a bit, and his head bobbed nearly below the table's wood horizon.

"Fork," he demanded.

"You don't even have any food," I pointed out.

He merely smacked his paw on the table. The sound was rather delightful, on account of his soft paw padding, like a single raindrop falling on an umbrella in Paris.

I brought him a fork and placed it beside his little padded paw.

"Here you go. But, wait a sec, will you? I'll get you something to eat." I went to the fridge and took out some of last night's macaroni and tuna salad. Seemed feline-friendly enough to me.

"Aren't you going to warm it up?" My cat expressed arrogantly when I placed the dish in front of him.

"Nah—" I shook my hand in the negative. "Macaroni and tuna tastes better cold. And besides, when did you become such a critic?"

My cat elegantly wedged the fork between the pads of his right paw. "I'm famished," he sighed.

Watching my cat actually hold a fork to actually eat my last night's macaroni and tuna salad at the dining room table, I thought, well—*this is kind of neat. I never knew cats could eat with forks.* I picked up the telephone and called my girlfriend.

"Want to see something that you'd never expect?"

"Is it a book *that reads you?*"

"Even better."

My girlfriend wasn't very impressed when she saw my cat seated at the kitchen table, eating my last night's macaroni and tuna salad with a fork.

"I don't get it. Is it the macaroni and tuna that you wanted to show me?" she asked.

"No. Look. The cat. He's acting all—all civilized." I tried to argue.

My girlfriend warped her lips into a look of dissatisfaction.



Uncanny Resemblance?: Did the young O'Tabbikat serve as inspiration for Baron Humbert von Jikkingen, epitome of feline gentility? Innis Herald says "YES!"



"Well, what do you expect from a creature that's had around ten-thousand years of domesticated history behind it."

After my girlfriend left, I phoned for an animal psychiatrist. I didn't tell him anything about the situation, just that I had an unusual cat. He came over an hour later.

"So what's the problem?" he asked.

"Not so much a problem as an unexpected peculiarity," I said, grinning proudly at my cat, now eating assorted vegetables at the kitchen table.

(continued on following page) *



EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED: Continued....

The animal psychiatrist looked at my cat. Then back at me. Then back at my cat. He played with his glasses a little and sighed.

"You called me here for this?"

"Yes. Interesting, huh?"

"Well—" the animal psychiatrist sighed again, "I expected something a little...hmpf...how should I put it...more grand."

"More grand?"

"You see, just yesterday, a woman presented to me a golden retriever that could transpose Shostakovich's tenth symphony to piano, and then play it backwards without fault!"

"Ah," I said despondently. The animal psychiatrist suddenly realized that he might have offended me, or my cat, and thus attempted some sort of mollification.

"I'm sure someone on TV might find it sort of....neat."

After the animal psychiatrist left, I phoned Los Angeles. I said to the operator on the phone,

"Get me the biggest late night show personality you can think of."

"All right!" replied the operator, with electrifying Hollywood enthusiasm.

I waited nearly a day for the late night show personality to pick up the phone. Who might it be, I wondered. I hope it's not that guy who blinks a lot when he delivers his monologues. Cats can't stand inconstancy.

While waiting, I offered my cat various other foods to eat at the table.

Kovbasa, pad thai, breaded chicken—whatever was in the fridge.

"Much obliged." He always said, a little less spunky with each serving. He is more civilized, I began to think to myself.

Finally someone answered the phone. It was the late night show personality at long last.

"What's shakin'?" he said, all showmanly and cocksure—indicative of an individual who blinked to no thing.

"I've got this cat, you see. And he eats with a fork at the table." I said, rather nervously from across the continent.

"And?"

"And—well, I thought you might like to have him on your show."

"Sorry, kid. Cat eating with a fork, you say?" is what he said to me, unimpressed. "Big deal. I eat with a fork. You eat with a fork. Why shouldn't a cat eat with a fork? You may find it to be an unexpected parlour trick, but I find it to be unremarkably expected of him." And then he hung up.

...expected of him. I looked over at my cat, who was at this time gently consuming an opened-up burrito, its contents a carcass all over the plate.

Man, I liked it better in the days when people expected nothing.

FIN



What's New Pussycat? Lolita of Howland and Serge of Walmer delight

Toronto's recent Cat Watching trend

CAT WATCHING—TORONTO STYLE

Interview with Norma Demps by AEAE.AAAJO. (1966)

That's right boys n' girls—"Cat Watching" has come to Downtown Toronto. The best spots this year appear to be between Howland Ave. and Walmer Rd. On the north of Bloor. Other streets will do but are not rated as highly: Sussex Ave. has too much human/automotive traffic, considering it is so close to both Robarts Library on the one hand and Spadina Rd on the other; north-south streets are preferred by cats as they are less congested with east-west commuter traffic. Chinatown offers nice smells and small prey but is marred by too much noise. Queen and Yonge haven't been cat-friendly in years, so don't bother there.

Championing Cat Watching as an intellectual pursuit, Catalogist Norma Demps chats with Innis Herald in an exclusive interview.

IH. Norma—may I call you that? Norma? I hate to be formal.

N. Sure. Whatever you like.

IH. Great! So, Norm. Norm-y—what can you tell us about the importance of Cat Watching in the "urban jungle" that is Toronto, Canada?

CARRY THE TORCH: PRESERVE A TRADITION: MAKE YOUR OWN AUDIENCE!

DEAR ASPIRING SCRIBBLERS

Not getting published anywhere? Rejection slips falling like cherry-blossoms in your dreams? Nobody listening to you with sincerity, ever and at all?

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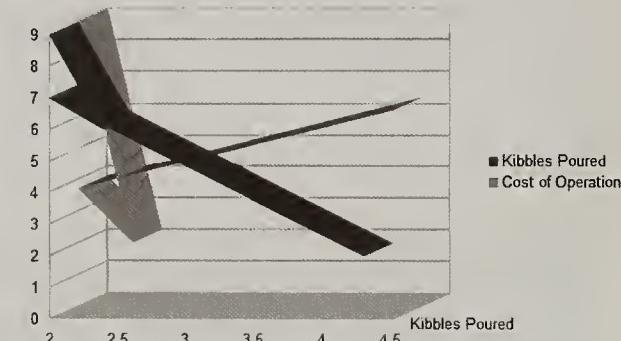
"A Burden to ICSS Now and Forever"

Ontario FHECs in Danger? A Report by IA.OA. (2012)

In a move that could cost Feline Higher Educational Centres (FHECs) millions in lost kibbles, the Ontario Kitty Mafia is considering requiring all FHECs to set the same feeding ratio for scratch and bite programs — meaning some would have to hike kibble portions to reach the magic number, while others, including those in Toronto, would be forced to chop.

The surprise proposal that would see Eden Valley Park tell 19 FHECs exactly what to pour in a food dish — sources peg it at 5,366 kibbles — would spell a worrying loss of *catornomy* as well as weight, warn some presidents, and cause sudden hissing in some 210,000 Ontario cats.

It's not yet clear why the Kitty Mafia would consider such a move. Billycat officials would not comment, but sources said there has been a suggestion the province would offer temporary kibble relief to ease the first hit.



CATS ON CAMPUS: GIVE US YOUR EDUCATED OPINION ON...[Insert Topic]



Aegean, 1st yr: miaoo!
Catalogy major

American, 3rd yr: meow.
Kittenesiology major

Kurilian, Grad: myau...
Poli-Sci major

N. Well, you see, first let me explain that areas and populations which represent failures of, or challenges to, aspects of the dominant order (e.g., slums; gentrified areas) tend to be coded in both dominant and alternative cultures, while those seen as less problematic tend to stress more functional approaches to...[interrupted]"

IH. Yeah, yeah—whatever. But we seem to be moving away from the topic of cats, right? That's all we have time for today, anyways. Thanks for dropping by.



answers on following page



- Across**
- 3 Creature of cool
 - 7 A scratch from Yeats is a scar
 - 9 "Truth is _____, _____ is truth"
 - 11 Yeats' old arch-nemesis ("not The Statue")
 - 12 Not Yeats
 - 16 Yeats' Hollywood look-a-like
 - 18 Drink of the gods
 - 19 "I am what I am"
 - 20 I want to hold your _____
 - 22 "Run, Yeats, _____!"
 - 25 Celebrated egyptian god
 - 26 What Yeats dreams of, typically
 - 27 "Speak!"

- Down**
- 1 Doesn't rhyme with keats
 - 2 Creature of pride (rhymes with "Fates-a-bunga")
 - 4 Feared demon of blood-lust
 - 5 Creature of excessive pride
 - 6 Cat call
 - 8 Drop the e
 - 10 Yeats' arch-nemesis ("pure evil")
 - 13 A baby-ish name
 - 14 _____-a-Baby
 - 15 Famous Toronto undergournd comic (1999)
 - 17 Weapon of choice
 - 20 A bed fit for a king
 - 21 Yeats' real (?) name
 - 23 Drop the s
 - 24 Drop the y
 - 25 "_____ eyes before me"

Love Scars: Quatre Points de Phosphore—Homer and Yeats: The Intimate Investigation

An Investigation by Gustaff Animalino (2020)

Former editor of the Innis Herald, Yeats O' Tabbikat—currently existing in the evolved state of an orange tabby cat—may have a "secret confession" for our greasy palm'd pundits of the greater campus. Did someone say "juicy, slanderous, emotionally-charged, love affair"? Uh-oh!

Famously considered by his former co-workers at the Herald to be "a dirty, misogynistic womanizer," O' Tabbikat's rumoured foray into the realms of homo—or, make that *homer*-eroticism may come as a surprise to many. Our investigative unit snagged some scandalous photos of a certain Homer [last name deleted] perspiring suspiciously (some have proposed, 'in-heat') at O' Tabbikat's door last Friday.

"Lover-Boy H.," for so the media has recently dubbed Mr. [last name deleted] made no comment beyond a vocal "meow" and subdued "hiss".

Neighbourhood residents have raised frequent complaints



to local authorities in the past few months concerning the cacophonous violence and/or lovemaking being overheard at O' Tabbikat Manor.

As for the former Herald editor—some eight years evolved now—he too, unfortunately, could not be reached. We sincerely wish the couple the best of success should they choose to come forth with honesty to the public.

Taking after some of the more popular papers on campus, we will attach some photos and diagrams which should elucidate both your understanding and pathos of the issue in full.

ELECTION RESULTS—YEATS TIPS MAFIA ROCK TO LEFT—TEMPTRESS IN CONTROL

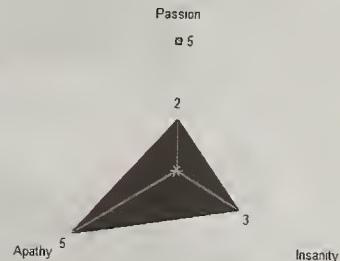
FOR TIME BEING

by Ug (year zekk)

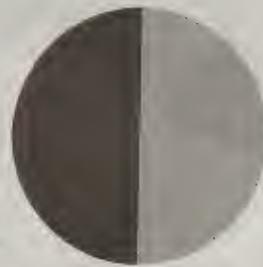
Leaders of the Left and Right alike must be looking with mixed feelings on the results of Tuesday's Kitty-Mafia election. The Lefts (Yeats O' Tabbikat) have a definite victory to rejoice over. They have captured a majority of the "napping spots" in the caves and most of the open fields which were being contested this year. They were also presumably ahead in the popular vote. But the landslide triumph which most of the experts predicted for them failed to materialize, and at this writing they have achieved only a narrow and precarious edge beneath the Evergreen Tree.

The Rights (The Temptress), for their part, can congratulate themselves that things weren't as bad as they probably expected. Nevertheless, they have suffered a severe setback which threatens their control over paleolithic man during the next two years and may imperil their chances in the year *boink* election.

YEATS: A PSYCHOLOGICAL MAP



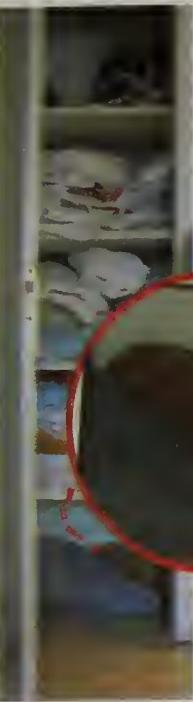
IS YEATS IN LOVE WITH HOMER?



O'TABBIKAT: A PHOTO ESSAY

crossword answer key

25.Creep
24.Eats
23.Yeat
21.Human
20.Pizza box
17.Claws
15.Cat in a Half
14.Yeats
13.Yeats-y-Baby
10.The Temptress
8.Yeats
6.Yeats-y
5.Yeats-a-moniga-lungea
4.Bloody Cat-friend
2.Yeats-a-moniga
1.Yeats
Down
27.Mewow
26.Savanna
25.Golden Cat
22.Tsun
20.Paw
19.Yeats
18.Toilet Water
16.Mr. Moon Brando
12.Adam
11.The Father
9.Yeats, Yeats
7.Love
3.Cat
Across
O'Tabbikat hides from the media



O'Tabbikat arrested on possession
of catnip



Poor Richard (???-2010):
We Will Always
Remember....



O'Tabbikat attacks Innis Herald Paparazzi

O'Tabbikat being suspicious-what
could he be up to?



NON-CAT RELATED PAGE

DREAM FLOWERS

A Story by Danielle Nicholls

His first session with her was normal. He introduced himself and asked questions. She replied, and even talked about herself a little. As she was escorted out, she frowned at him and said, "There's something wrong with your desk." That was when he realized that she'd been staring at it the whole time.

When she came back the next week, that was his first question. "What's wrong with the desk?"

"It doesn't change." She glanced back and forth between him and it, eyebrows scrunching together. "It should be changing."

Find her delusion, fix the problem, he thought. "Why should it be changing?"

"Because I want it to change." She shot him an incredulous look. "I'm imagining it changing. Focusing on it. Why isn't it working?"

He frowned. "That's not how things work."

"Of course it is."

She refused to admit that she might be wrong. He scrawled '*delusional*' on her file, and started working out how to fix her.

During the next session, he asked where her delusion came from. "Why do you think things should change? Where did you get that idea from?"

"It's how it works, in my world."

"In your world?"

She ignored his scepticism. "I dreamed that I was home last night," she said, smiling faintly. "I walked into the house, and it welcomed me. The room pulsed in gentle colours. I wanted to eat, and a roast chicken appeared. When I wanted dessert, what was left of the chicken turned into chocolate cake. When I was tired, the table turned into a bed and the walls stopped glowing and the ceiling turned dark and had stars. I miss stars," she added, turning an accusing glare on him. "I haven't seen them since they shut me up here. Do they still exist?"

"Of course they do."

"Good."

During the rest of the session, he tried to convince her that the world didn't change because someone wanted it to. Eventually, she grudgingly admitted that this world might be different from hers, that it might not bend itself to her will. Feeling elated, sure that he could fix her, he asked what colour she wanted the desk to be.

"Pale green," she replied, "with pink flowers."

He bought green paint on his way home. Looking forward to this bit of showmanship, he brought in the paint and a brush on the day of her next session, and painted the desk at lunch - right before she came. She would think that her wanting it to happen had turned the desk green. He would show her that the paint was still wet, pull out the half-full can from under the desk. She would - reluctantly - admit that he was right, and she would be fixed. One less person to worry about.

He had just added more wet paint to the top of the desk when there was a knock at the door. He quickly hid the brush, settling himself behind the desk. "Come in." As she entered the room, her eyes widened and her face split into a huge grin. "It worked!"

He felt sorry that he would have to shatter her happiness, but it would fix her. Make her better. She'd forgive him, in the end. "It didn't work. That's paint. Wet paint," he added hastily, as she ran her hands over it.

"It's not wet at all." She raised both perfectly-clean hands to show him. "See?"

"Then it dried really quickly, because I only just finished painting it." He pulled the can from under the desk and held it out to her. "Here's the paint. Here's the paint brush."

She laughed - a silvery, tinkling noise - and nodded her head. "Yes, doctor. You've shown me. I understand so much now." He started to smile; there still might be hope. "Will works to change things here, too - it just takes more effort."

He tried convincing her, but she would not be persuaded, smile still on her face. Dejected, he called in the guards to take her out, then rested his head in his hands. He'd only reinforced her delusion. Now it would be even harder to fix her.

His elbows slipped on the desk. He frowned, testing the paint. It was still wet on his side, but hers - the side he'd covered more thickly - was dry.

Then his eyes widened. Spreading slowly across her side of the table, unfolding and growing where her hands had brushed, were dozens of small, pink flowers.

TWO POEMS: by Peter Kuplowsky

BE

A professional clown once
came to my drama class
and had each of us sit on a
stool
and "Be"
we'd sit there and he'd go
"you're not being!"
"just be!"
for about an hour.

A Strained Relationship

i love garlic
i could never love a vampire
or at least it would be a strained relationship

THE ICSS ELECTION RESULTS ARE IN!

HERE IS YOUR 2012-2013

INNIS COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY COUNCIL

Results from the proposed Constitutional amendments:

Townhall Student Levy Referendum
YES: 62 NO: 31 ABSTAIN: 11
PASSED with 67%

Renaming Graduate Reps
YES: 90 NO: 8 ABSTAIN: 6
PASSED with 92%

OC Honourarium
YES: 63 NO: 36 ABSTAIN: 5
PASSED with 64%

Election Timing
YES: 76 NO: 8 ABSTAIN: 20
PASSED with 90%

By-Election Timing
YES: 73 NO: 15 ABSTAIN: 16
PASSED with 83%

Constitution Amending Formula
YES: 80 NO: 9 ABSTAIN: 15
PASSED with 90%

Meeting Agenda Distribution
YES: 82 NO: 6 ABSTAIN: 16
PASSED with 93%

Athletics Director

DUROWOJU, Rasheed: 1st Round: 17,
2nd Round 18/FOLLIOTT, Samantha:

1st Round: 27, 2nd Round: 27, 3rd Round: 35

IZUKAWA, Sean: 1st Round: 32, 2nd Round: 32,

3rd Round: 38/ TSANG, Aaron: 1st Round 21,

2nd Round: 24, 3rd Round: 25

WANG, Chen (Daniel): 1st Round: 5

Abstain: 1st Round: 3, 2nd Round: 4, 3rd Round: 7

Clubs and Merchandise Director

JENSEN, Teresa: 38

LAMERS, Ryan: 64

Abstain: 3

Community Outreach Director

DHINDSA, Sukmanpreet (Sukham): 1st Round: 47, 2nd Round: 54

FAZIO, Alessandra: 1st Round: 13

LEE, Misam: 1st Round: 42, 2nd Round: 47

Abstain: 1st Round: 3, 2nd Round: 4

Representative of Non-Resident Students

PEJOVIC, Christopher: 80

SIMIC, Colin: 52

YE, Carol: 64

Abstain: 14

* If interested in being appointed marketing director, message info@innisicss.com

** If any students have questions about the results of the election, or any appeals please contact info@innisicss.com.

*** Congratulations to Ian Collinson and Jake Merritt on their selection as the 2012 Frosh Coordinators and Mary Stefanidis as the 2012 Frosh Marshal. Frosh leader application deadline is April 8th at 11:59pm@ <http://goo.gl/T0YZZ>

Look out for *The Innis Herald*
Micro Issue: to be released soon
'twould make ol' Harry proud,
maybe.'

Support These Innis Herald Contributors:
(Nick Gergesha)
<http://webleedmovies.blogspot.com>
(Pierce Desrochers - O'Sullivan)
<http://calmdott.com>

UNCLE HARRY'S ART & COMICS

DR JERK : YEATS



PIERCE
2012.



"yeats" (1919) by yeats o'tabbikat

CHICKADEE AND WORMIE IN BIRTHDAY BALLOON



Pierce '12



"I am beyond artistic
pursuits"
and "Do I move
you?" by
Luke Kuplowsky

